

to n will be out in force all next to extend the hand of welcome to Arizona" people. No theatrical ation that visited us last year left re vivid impression than this fresh, exciting story of the plains. It like seeing one of Capt. Charles s military stories put into fiesh pone, and certainly it is not to acit too much praise to say that it e best piece of dramatic work stus Thomas ever turned out, for the man who wrote "Ala-"and "In Mizzoura," Is saying a deal Mr. Farnham, the lover Campeau, the Mexican and Mr. the ranchman, who were all with year's company, are assured of a ally warm welcomes. The ladies, new to us, are said to be as g as the men, and certainly the oce of the management in bookith us for a week's stay, indicates it is not afraid of our verdict. izona" will run the entire week.

s afternoon and evening the U. of ramatic club will repeat Pinero's comedy, "The Amazons," under frection of Prof. Maud May Bab-As every do lar taken in at the fice will go to the aid of the fund raised for the Swedish famine ing, there ought to be a big turn

light ends "The White Slave," it the Grand, and next Monday comes another attraction of the tic, melodramatic order, entitled mbler's Daughter." The play is the pen of Owen Davis, the auof "Through the Breakers" and in the Desert." The advance says of "A Gambler's Daugh-

"There is enough of love and nce, villainy and conspiracy, ty and mirth to satisfy the most he and the thrilling climaxes arting situations keep the audiin a continuous state of pleasing

rsday evening opens the engage-at the Grand of "The Game er," a play by Con T. Murphy, wrote "The Ivy Leaf" and a host of other Irish dramas. The eparture from the former Irish and has been given a sumpruic dressing, every scene being eduction of an original photo-

of the most beautiful stage setis a scene showing the famous Castle of Dublin county, Ireanother unique and grand old chapel, that is known to every

ce O'Neil, who is due here soon ectrifying the audiences in her own, San Francisco. Her mansay she averages from \$8,000 to a week, at which rate she will win back the huge sum she lost adon and New York. Louis Went to see her for the first he other night, and being asked he thought of her Lady Macbeth.

ssed that, and I'm very sorry we saw her Judith on Sunday and were greatly surprised and ed. We had never seen her be-But hasn't she power, magnet-Ye gods! how she held the stage she was planning the death of ies. You know, it's a very unon genius. You don't find it one acusand actresses of today. The cast-to get players with the requires—is hardly credible, is no school for that kind of acow, no curriculum, which is why O'Neil is so absolutely remark-She reminds me of Lucille Wes-aher hold upon her audience, Miss n was both crude and uneducat-twith the gripping temperament O'Nell, and I have seen her ho adelphia audience with 'East -if you please, for six weeks!"

TREATER GOSSIP.

Primrose has decided to retire the stage, and Lew Dockstader online at the head of the old ay, pushing it on Leviathan lines

k Mordaunt, one of the best of dime actors, is seriously ill, and y never appear on the stage Mordaunt's acting of old men's ade him a favorite in Salt Lake

sietta Crosman is just at present brieged by publishers who are sing for the rights to the book she ling of her early life on the plains her father was in the United

the Walsh has temporarily closed ad tour in "The Daughter of tar," and is in New York actively sing "The Resurrection," which shall and Kemper hope to have for production at the Victoria

Piske will end her New York state in "Mary of Magdala" in She will then take the play road and will present it in varilies all of next season. The follows of the season Mrs. Fiske will produce season plays.

shan's plans have been changed wil not use Haddon Cham-y "A Comedy of Manners." the part being more suitable for a ar Therefore, her date at the a haz been cancelled. She will be seen this spring in another alch she is now reading.

the south with splendid results. won more praise generally tofore. In a measure this is title part of "Audrey," liss Robson is given better op-ty for the display of her power than in any other role

effort was made to the end dressing and investigure of m to the customs and cosof the first 15 years of the sixtury. A pussing situation with as regarde the underwear that period. These the bave

VIII's importunities that she marry Louis of France. When the king and court burst into her apartments in Bridewell house, they discover her sitting up in bed and garbed in a white night-dress. This is not historically accurate, for when Henry was king, no-body, whether of high or low degree, wore nightclothes at all. It will be re-called, too, that Princess Mary, in her rage hurls various portions of her wear-

success on Brodway, New York, and from his unusually strong endorsements by the Boston critics as a real musical genius of the highest order. A French edition of "Flarodora," which was produced at the Theatre des Hauffes Parisiens, Paris, did not meet with the same enormous success that it achieved in America and England, but nevertheless was well received. The adapters seemed to have failed 'n suiting the translated words to the music and have not caught the vivaciousness of the English. The music and dancing, however, assure the popularity of the production.

body, whether of high or low degree, wore nightclothes at all. It will be recalled too, that Princess Mary, in her rege hurls various portions of her wearing appeared at the king and his courtiers. It is all dainty lingerie of pink, white and blue. These garments are not historically accurate, either, for

to have Mme. Patti appear in solos,

and then in scenes from various operas, assisted by a number of other artists.

Creatore has been giving the south a musical and spectacular treat, having spent a couple of months visiting the

principal cities with his famous Italian band. Both business and enthusiasm

have been phenomenal, and it was made evident that Creatore's fame has spread from the 100 nights of his great

TO APPEAR IN NEW TOISTOI PLAY.



Tolstol's famous masterpiece, "The Resurrection," has been dramatized, and is to be produced in this country in magnificent style. Blanche Walsh has the leading role of Maslova. She will appear first in New York, afterwards touring the country.

people in those days were black under-wear owing to the difficulty of obtain-ing water and the expense of soap. Even royal personages were black un-devergements, not so much because of dergarments, not so much because of the expense of white ones, but on ac-

MUSIC NOTES.

count of the difficulty of obtaining wa-

ter to cleanse them.

The smaller stringed instruments are reported as finding a ready market, and mandolins still continue a favorite among instrumentalists.

George Ade's "Sultan of Sulu" is giving Wallack's the most prosperous engagement of the season, and it is predicted that the attraction will remain until June.

Collections in the music trade are quoted as dull; "Not because people can't pay but because they don't," complained one piano man. "I haven't known collections so hard in 10 years.'

A steady and regular sale of concertinas, harmonicas, and small musical instruments is reported by dealers. Gilded youth seem never to tire of playing "homespun" tunes on the everlasting mouth organ, which never gets

The Euterpe quartet, consisting of Misses Emily Larsen and Margaret Harley, sopranos, and Misses Judith Anderson and Leland Clayton, contral-tos, is actively at work rehearsing, and will be heard at several public func-tions soon. The young ladles ought to be encouraged, for we cannot have too

Piano dealers report steady sales in this staple instrument, but with prices tending upward: in fact, there has been an advance of about \$25 per instrument, due to increased cost of material and of labor. It is estimated that there are 500 pianos sold in this state during a year, at prices averaging from \$350 to \$400 each. This makes a neat sum to be taken in by the piano men in the course of a twelve month. One local dealer reports 30 pianos sold during December, and 15 in January, with a good opening for the month. Other dealers say they are doing well

If Raymond Hitchcock, the comedic custodian of the title-role in "King Dodo" had not been born with a lugubrious cast of countenance and a pathetic tenor voice, he might still be working in the bank at Canandaigua, N. Y., where he was born and reared. Raymond never realized that he was genius until one day when he was offered three dollars to sing two solos at a funeral, and then he had hard work to make himself believe it. All the leading citizens of the town, who attended the funeral, said that Raymend's seething voice was the most pathetic thing they had ever listened to, and as a result he worked up quite a trade in the funeral music line,

The demand for sheet music is con-stant and good, so that dealers have will be heard at several public functions soon. The young ladies ought to be encouraged, for we cannot have too many singing clubs, quartets and musical societies.

Planquette, who died in Paris on Jan. 28, wrote a great many operas, but only one secured lasting success, "The Chimes of Normandy." His other works, "Rip Van Winkle." "Nell Gwynne" and "Paul Jones" are rarely seard of nowadays.

Pobert Grau has engaged Mme, Mantinelli as contralto to sing with Mme, Patti on her intended tour of America next year. It is Mr. Grau's purpose

Hillary Bell's Letter.

The Big Critics Have Declared War on the Theater Trust -- An Estimate of the Leading Moulders of Dramatic Opinion by One of Them.

manner and a second sec Special Correspondence.

New York, Feb. 11 .- At present the Theatric Trust having suffered severely

in finance and fame by their assaults this season, is engaged in an attempt to stultify the power of the dramatic critics of New York. Before these worthies are overthrown by the Octopus, it may be interesting to chronicle them, as the arena martyrs, while they were being devoured by wild animals, used to cry in their final breath, Moritura te salutamus, Caesar!

Tough propostions, every one of them, Few die and none surrender. Unaccountably the newspapers, being entreated and threatened by the trust, remain contumacious, and will not disbed in order to escape Henry to the wrath of the Wurm. Indeed, and limbs. Not long ago a coupled in order to escape Henry miss their critics even when exposed

es rather than arouses the sympathy of our managing editors. The critics themselves find a new joy in life, and in a way that is quite distressing to contemplate, proceed to devise fresh ingenuities to torment the Octopus. That monster is having what the French term a bad quarter of an hour. He is beset by nightmares every night, for he never knows in what new style critics will prick his hide and rub acid in, next morning. Pity the sorern Gollah compelled to battle with journalistic Davids, each of whom is a man of wit.

WINTER OF THE TRIBUNE.

First is William Winter. He is the doyen of our guild by age, service and renown. He has occupied the critic's chair in the Tribune office for five and forty years. He was a friend of Dana and of Horace Greeky. Now past 60 his appearance is more venerable than the critical He is youthful in heart his actions. He is youthful in heart and limbs. Not long ago a couple of

street at 2 o'clock in the morning, as he was going home from the Tribune office, Mr. Winter darted between them and led the robbers such a race that they were forced by lack of wind to abandon pursuit of him. The doyen is little more than five feet high, but trim in figure and with a fine head. His hair is snow white and abundant. His face is like a cameo. He is the handsomest of all the critics and the greatest. At the theater he always wears brown gloves, several sizes too large for his the theater he always wears brown gloves, several sizes too large for his hands, but when the play is over he handies it without gloves. He has the wit of Jeffreys, the power of Macauley and the style of Addison. He is a staunch friend, an implacable enemy. When he likes a player, as he likes Ada Rehan and Lille Langtry, nothing will swerve him from kindliness. When he dislikes a player, as he dislikes Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Carter, nothing will move him to kindliness. In ing will move him to kindliness. In his wrath he writes with a two edged sword, and there is nothing left of the actor except minced meat. In his habit as he lives, to quote Hamlet, Mr. Winter is of mild and amiable humor. As an afterdinner speaker not even Chauncey Depew can compare with him. His poems and criticisms, selected and published in book form at intervals, are classics even in the life time of their author. This little man is the biggest man we have. The Theatric Trust affects to overlook him be-cause the Tribune is not a yellow jour-nal and has a comparatively small cir-culation. The venerable critic is thrust into bad seats at the theater behind new, ephemeral and bawdy newspapers. But wherever William Winter sits that is the head of the critic's round table, and however he may be treated by irreverent managers, the guild honors

TOWSE OF THE POST.

Of the same kidney is Rankin Towse of the Evening Post. This, however, is a writer without any sense of humor. He takes himself seriously and pronounces judgment with the dignified utterance of a judge on a bench. He possesses an admirable style of exact literary quality and his reviews of worthy plays and actors declare a value seldom discovered in tournalism. His seldom discovered in journalism. His fault is that he cannot unbend, but applies the same rules of art to farce as to the classics, and studies James Powers as carefully as he considers Henry Irving. Mr. Towse is a blond man, middle sized, with a face like the Duke of Wellington and an inflexible disposition. disposition. Several papers have tried to secure his pen, but no offer ever has tempted him to forsake the Post, to whose readers he is as the law and gospel in art.

FYLES AND HUNEKER

Next in age and dignity until this season, was Franklin Fyles. He was on the Sun for seven and twenty years. Theatric Trust was his overthrow. He was too friendly with the syndicate, He fought for it and against its enemies valorously. No one ever has questioned the honesty of this critic except Mrs. Fiske, who, finding the Sun her bitterest foe when she began to struggle against the oppression of the Theatric Trust, fought back sprittedly. Our blucky actrees delivered lectures and plucky actress delivered lectures and speeches in her own defense and ac-cused the Sun of matters that made good reading but unpleasant memory. A new business manager engaged for that paper found that while the Trust rewarded the Sun's advocacy by no more than the usual advertising, the independent theaters gave it less than the customary business. The result of the matter was that Mr. Fyles place in the Sun office is now filled to the general satisfaction by James Huneker. The new critic is not an unknown writer, but one well established in the applause of the public. Huneker won fame as a music critic, but he can write brilliantly on any art theme. He is the author of the standard work on Chopin and no man writes better on the drama.

Perhaps he is the most scholarly of all
the guild, being essentially a student of
letters. His criticisms, written hastily telegraph office after a perform ance, have all the flavor of the midnight oil next morning. He possesses a nice sense of proportion and treats a Clyde Fitch play as lightly as he handles a Sudermann or D'Annunzio drama gravely. Huneker does not care tuppence for the Trust or the independents. He is absolutely impartial and although occasionally he cannot conceal his con-tempt for actors, yet he treats them fairly. He has the wit of an Irishman, the grace of a Frenchman, the power of an Englishman, the depth of a Ger-man and the versatility of an American. Before he dies Huneker will be one of the great names in our literature. Meanwhile, he is one of the brightest wits of New York, A nephew of arch-bishop Gibbon of Baltimore he looks like a cleric of joily disposition. Every-body approves him except the Theatric which still laments the loss of its

friend Fyles. DAVIES OF THE SUN.

Acton Davies of the Evening Sun is a power in the metropolis. This is an in-telligent paper which has a large circulation among business men wno take no interest in the hysterics of the Eve-ning Journal and World, and who dislike the mugwumpery of the Post. Probably there is no critic in New York who has a larger circle of influential readers than Davies. They like him too. He convinces them His like him, too. He convinces them. His style is earnest. He is an extremist When he enjoys a play he enjoys every blt of it. When he disapproves a play bit of it. When he disapproves a play there is nothing good in it. If he takes a fancy to an actor we must all appliand him else there is trouble. Davies is as positive as a Scotchman. He never sits on the fence. Things are all right with him or all wrong. The author is either of great account or no account. The player is either a genuine or a dullard. The manager is either the benefactor of mankind or the every of society. Having decided the matter, Davies will admit neither extenuating nor qualifying circumstances. enuating nor qualifying circumstances n this decision of opinion he resem-eles William Winter who is Sir Oracle Davies, however, is more insistent than the veteran. Mr. Winter says in effect: "I write only for Tribune readers. There are no other people in existence.

The rest are mere insects, invertebrate, incapable, without intelligence. So long as the Tribune is right everything is right." The Evening Sun man is not so haughty. He knows that his paper has a large circulation among readers of various quality. Many minds, many manners, says he, and he proceeds to thump his argument into every one of 'em. He fights for an actor heroically, or he does not leave a leg to stand on. Beyond this posia leg to stand on. Beyond this pesi-tivism which is excellent, for the world generally believes in a writer who be-lieves in himself, Acton Davies has a bubbling gift of humor. He is not a professional funny man, as may be found in yellow journalism, but a genu-tra humorist. His wit is hitting and he ine humorist. His wit is biting and he can turn plays and players into ridicule as well as anybody. When Davies hits he hits hard, and on occasions he becomes involved in libel suits, but nothing comes of them and he leaves court with a sharper pen then aver Court with a sharper pen than ever.
Usually good natured, he can fight like wild cat. The Theatric trust has made many blunders, but its worst errers were the forcing of Fyles off the Sun and the arousing of the wrath of

Acton Davies. THE "AND OTHERS."

The other critics are of negative quality. The Times employs a young Harvard graduate named Corbin, but he has little experience and must have time to prove his value. The World has a man from Chicago named De Voe who seems to have good stuff in him,

and both opinions are printed next morning although, frequently, one con-tradicts the other. Puck, Judge and Life are reputed to be funny sheets, but the drollest comic paper in New York is the Herald. When Mme Melba made her first-and last-appearance in German opera the Herald cried triumphantly next morning and in flat contra-diction of all the music critics, "At last we have the ideal Brunnhilde." On the we have the ideal Brunnhide." On the following day it printed in the same column a letter signed by the prima doma, in which Melba sorrowfully declared that, realizing the completeness of her failure, she had resolved never again to attempt the music drama. It is no uncommon thing for this amusing paper, and the same transfer to the same transfer. paper to say that a play is a bad play on Monday and a good play on Wed-nesday. Indeed, on the same morning, cheek by jowl, it often asserts two diametrically opposed opinions; and at the top of the column Mr. Sothern finds that he is a fine Hamlet, while at the bottom of the column he discovers that he is a bad Hamlet. The Herald, how-ever, secures more theatric gossip than can be arrived at by other papers, and where it falls as a guide to art it succeeds as an aid to the curious. It is said by the envious newsgatherers that this journal, in return for giving good notices to all the Trust productions has a monopoly of the syndicate's news. This report is not verified. Instructor of Guitar, Mandolin and Banlo Club music for concerts, musicales, receptions, etc. Sole agt, for C. F. Martin world famous guitars and mandelins.

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THE WEEKLIES.

The metropolis is flooded with weekly papers but none of them cuts any fig-ure in dramatic opinions except Town Topics, whose critic is Acton Davies and Life, which is intelligently represented at the theaters by James Met-calfe. Most of the weeklies have dramatic departments without any theatric advertising and they are conducted on the principle of exchanging complimentary notices for tickets, pretty much as barbers hang play bills and poster in their shops in order to get passes to the play. These publications neve the play. These publications never venture an opinion on theatrical mat-ters, except to attack somebody who has attacked somebody. In other words if your correspondent criticizes with severity in the press the Rosalind of Miss Simkins-Jones the weekly paper criticizes him still more severely and sends a marked paper to that unhappy lady with a stampel directed envelope in-closed, saying "Behold, how I defend you against your enemy. Please send me two seats for Monday." Some of these chaps spend most of their time abusing the regular critics and slob-bering over every production, with the agreeable result that they add to their incomes by the sale of theater tickets at reduced rates. Nobody bothers over them except the press agent who must have his scrap books of notices filled somehow. Equal indifference is shown to our two dramatic papers, although they lead the strenuous life to attract attention. One of them is the organ of the Theatric trust, the other of the Independents. The chief business of the Dramatic Mir is to scold critics who find anything of interest in syndicate productions. The chief business of the Dramatic News is to assail critics who find anything of interest in Independent productions. They resemble a cou-ple of lean tom cats on a fence hiss-ing at each other and the world in gen-eral. Your correspondent has been a theme of particular wrath for both of them, but never simultaneously. When them, but never simultaneously. When the trust organ hurls Billingsgate at him, the independent organ crowns him with laurel, and when the one lauds him to heaven, the other hurls him to Hades. Meanwhile he never goes to either, and regards with apprehension only that possible and alarming day when they shall unite in praising him.

PROSPEROUS ONES

It is an ill wind that blows no good and the present hostility that exists, the present hostility that exists, openly in some cases, silently in others, between the Theatric Trust and the critics has given unexpected fortune to Independent productions. Last week, Kirke La Shelle brought an Augustus Thomas trifle to town and though the farce did not amount to much, it was received with an unanimity of applause which astonished nobody so much as the author. "The Wizard of Oz" came to us timidly from Chicago, expecting the usual scorn which New York gives to windy city pieces, and it was welcomed with open arms by our critics. George Ade, a Chicago man with his Chicago with Chicago with Chicago was a chicago man with his Chicago work, "The Sultan of Sulu," came to us looking for trouble and found prosperity. Mrs. Fiske, hoping for a month at most with her "Mary of Magdala," will remain almost all season at the Man-hattan in abundant fortune. The news-papers have exhausted laudatory ad-jectives on "The Darling of the Gods" with the result that there are no seats to be had for months ahead at the Belasco Theater. The Independents are in clover with us at present, their dramatists are descendants of Shakespeare, their actors are sons of Booth and Lefferson. Without any instance and Jefferson. Without any instruc-tions from our managing editors, with-out any concerted action, without even mentioning the matter to one another the New York critics apparently have come to the conclusion thta the Theatric Trust must be curbed and that the drama will be bettered by a return to original principles of honest competition in art, courtesy to women and proper respect for the newspapers.

HILLARY BELL.

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Every inch added to the chest means more vitality. One can live for days without food or water; without air, one will die in a moment. This shows the great necessity of oxygen to the sys-

burns away fat. Here is a breathing exercise that can he practised during the daily walk. In-hale, filling the lungs, while walking five steps; hold the breath during the next five steps; exhale, completely emptying the lungs, during the next five steps. Now inhale during six steps; hold the breath the next six; ex-hale during six more. Continue the ex-ercise, increasing the number of steps each time. After a few weeks you can use is steps use 15 steps.

Try to breathe deeply at all timesthat is, make both inhalations and ex-

halations longer in time. Do not breathe with the abdomen, as more fleshy people do, as this increases its size. Use the diaphragm or lower chest in breathing.

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